

## RESTS IN WHITE HOUSE

## President McKinley's Body Now Lies in the Executive Mansion at Washington.

## Thousands of People Bare Their Heads as the Hearse Moves from the Funeral Train, and Thousands More Sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

## EVENTFUL JOURNEY FROM BUFFALO

## Train Passes for Hundreds of Miles through Lines of Sorrowing Humanity.

## Mrs. McKinley Pathetically Asks to See "The Major"—Does Not Yet Seem to Realize Her Loss—Departure from Buffalo—Incidents of the Day.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—Never before did a living President come with a dead President to the capital of the American Republic. To the traveler the railway passenger station is the gate of the city. There President Roosevelt stood with bare head while the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy slowly filed past him, bearing on their shoulders the corpse of a dead President—William McKinley.

It was not a scene of grand pomp or power. There were only enough soldiers and men in uniform to fittingly represent the protection which the Nation gives its illustrious dead. In a military sense it was not so solemnly ceremonious as the reception in the same place to General Lawton's body when it was brought from the Philippines to its final resting place on Arlington Heights. As the heavy train slid slowly into the station a trumpet of the Eleventh Cavalry gave the sharp command of attention. There was an instant of deathlike silence in the ranks, and groups of men and women and the clattering of horses' hoofs as the knowing animals moved in perfect alignment.

There was a long delay. Then came a few soldiers, followed by a group of citizens, at the head of which President Roosevelt walked with Secretary Hay. The members of the Cabinet, the United States senators and other distinguished personages moved slowly from the train shed by twos and threes and in small groups. They formed into ragged lines across the sidewalk, with the President and Secretary Hay standing near the doors of the hearse. There was another wait for a few moments, when the flag-covered coffin, borne on the shoulders of soldiers and sailors, emerged from the train shed. They proceeded between the line of citizens, and the body was placed in the hearse.

## A STARTLING INCIDENT.

Just as the coffin was being placed in the hearse there was a loud booming sound and a puff of white smoke from the window of one of the buildings across the street. Every uniformed man and citizen started violently. There was one exception. President Roosevelt stood stock still, never flinched, and did not take his eyes from the coffin. In a second or so every one knew that the booming sound was that of a flashlight for a large camera. There was a breath of relief. The police hurried to the building to take charge of the daring photographer and the somewhat startling incident was ended. It served to draw attention to the calm composure of the President and brought vividly to the mind the small business affairs of the moment.

Forty or fifty newspaper correspondents hurried from the funeral train and had taken carriages at a side entrance and hurried away. Porters and trainmen were stirring about the station with packages and messages and altogether it was a busy moment despite the solemnity of the occasion. It was just a scene as the President had seen hundreds of times in his life. On the most momentous occasions of his busy career he had been within hearing of clicking telegraph instruments, busy reporters, earnest citizens, vast crowds and the practical life of pressing affairs. His reception at the national capital in death was nearly the same as it had been many times in life.

There was an absence of cheers, but there were the same busy men of government and private life to do their parts in the closing scenes of his career as they had done many times when he was alive.

The most impressive scene of the evening was when the 16,000 people gathered in Lafayette Park opposite the White House raised their voices and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." This was the only funeral ceremony in which the whole people of Washington were engaged. To-morrow it is to be a funeral of state. The guns and the Nation and other civilized na-

tions of the globe will boom and dip in celebration of the dead President. To-night the people of the capital assembled in the beautiful front of the White House and with one mighty voice sang his favorite hymn and from their hearts cried out their profound grief and deep sorrow.

## CULMINATION OF GRIEF.

The thousands who lined the sidewalks of Pennsylvania avenue from the station to the White House stood with silent awe while the corpse of the President was slowly borne before them. But it was the spontaneous outburst in song of grief and love which was the culmination and impressive event of this night home-coming of the dead chief magistrate.

When Mrs. McKinley arrived at the White House she found the private living rooms, as well as the state drawing rooms and corridors, odorless with flowers which arrived during the afternoon. She also found a light supper which had been made ready by the faithful and grief-stricken attendants. As soon as she arrived in her room she turned to Dr. Rixey and plaintively asked, "When can I see the Major?" She wanted no supper, she could not think of the beautiful flowers; she could scarcely see those crowded around her who offered even the slightest comfort and condolence; she could not hear the singing in the park, for the only thing on her mind and in her heart was the ever-present desire to look upon the face of the major. "I want to see the Major."

It was in these pathetic and tearful words that Mrs. McKinley first broke the silence that surrounded her in the car which brought her to Washington this evening. She had been unusually brave during the ordeal of the morning, and Dr. Rixey was surprised at the fortitude with which she had passed through the distressing incidents of the departure from Buffalo. For a time she rested quietly in the car, gazing silently at the crowds which lined the tracks as the train flitted by. She repeated her desire to Mrs. Hobart, and Dr. Rixey advised that she be taken to the car, where she could be with her dead husband. A chair was placed beside the bier and she remained there alone a long time. Just as she arrived at Baltimore she repeated the request, but her friends were able to persuade her to wait until she arrived at the White House. She had no sooner reached her room than she pathetically requested Dr. Rixey to fulfill his promise. As soon as the coffin could be prepared and the attendants departed from the East room she was again taken where she could gaze upon the beloved face of her husband.

Mrs. Stephen Rand, who was her intimate friend for twenty years while the McKinleys lived in the Ebbitt Hotel, was one of her first callers. She was at once admitted and had a more soothing effect on the stricken widow than any who have been with her. She will remain constantly at her side and go with her to Canton.

Mrs. Roosevelt and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Cowles, called at the White House shortly after the arrival of Mrs. McKinley. They did not leave their carriage, but sent their heavily bordered black cards to Mrs. McKinley.

## LIVING IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

## Remains of the Dead President in the Executive Mansion Last Night.

Associated Press Dispatch.  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—The remains of President McKinley to-night lie in the East Room of the White House, where for more than four years he had made his home as the chief magistrate of the great American Republic. Upstairs his widow mourns for her dead in the family apartments that now bring back to the saddest of memories. It was with simple ceremony and a silence that fitted perfectly the sadness of the occasion that the body of the late President was borne up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House and laid upon the bier in the great East Room, where he had stood so often in the pride of his manhood to receive the greetings of the common people he loved better than himself.

It was fitting that such ceremony as there was should be severely restrained in char-

acter, in recognition of the fact that the President was the commander-in-chief of the United States army and navy. Nowhere was there a show of civilian participation. The streets about the station were filled with mounted troops, and the station itself was occupied by stalwart soldiers and sailors in uniform. The blue-coated policemen and the railroad employees were nearly all that stood for civil life. It was not so on the broad stretch of avenue that led to the White House. There the people strained and crowded in a vast multitude against the stiff wire ropes which restrained them from the space marked out for the line of procession. The silence that marked the progress of the funeral party through the national capital was profound. The people, as a whole, did not talk, even in whispers, and the only sign of agitation in the great crowd was the silent pressing and striving against the ropes to see the mournful cortege, which swept slowly along.

**ASSEMBLING OF ESCORT.**  
The afternoon was cloudy and with the close of the day began the dull depressing boom of a great gun at intervals of five minutes. It was the signal which gave notice of the approach of the funeral train. At the Pennsylvania Railroad station men in bright uniforms gathered, a mixture of soldiers and sailors, and with lowered voices talked in groups while waiting to take up their parts in the ceremony. From the brigadier general and naval captain down to the humblest lieutenant and ensign, every officer on duty in the Capital was there save a few of high rank who composed the guard of honor and waited at the White House.

Presently in dead silence two troops of cavalry from Fort Meyer swung from Pennsylvania avenue into Sixth street. Then came Secretaries Hay, Gage, Acting Secretary Sanger and Commissioner McFarland and a few subordinates privileged to enter the space within the station where the train was to stop. Among them was the veteran captain, Charles Loeffler, who had been the personal messenger and usher to President McKinley, and of every other President back to the administration of President Grant; Major Pruden, assistant secretary to the President, Mr. Barnes and Warren Young, who were to carry the White House staff. These and the army and navy officials awaited inside the station the speeding train. The night was humid and dark, and the surroundings depressing in spite of the official glad face everywhere about.

The train was a little late. It was due at 8:25 p. m., but the clock stood at 8:42 p. m. when the headlight of the big locomotive flashed along the rails and the cars swept quietly to a stop at the gates. The way was cleared, and down the pathway strode a body of sturdy soldiers and sailors chosen as the bodybearers and guard. They were met at the entrance of the station where the train was to stop. Among them was the veteran captain, Charles Loeffler, who had been the personal messenger and usher to President McKinley, and of every other President back to the administration of President Grant; Major Pruden, assistant secretary to the President, Mr. Barnes and Warren Young, who were to carry the White House staff. These and the army and navy officials awaited inside the station the speeding train. The night was humid and dark, and the surroundings depressing in spite of the official glad face everywhere about.

**THE FUNERAL PARTY.**  
Meantime, further down the station, the party on the funeral train was alighting. Secretaries Hay and Gage had pressed forward and entered the car where the mourners sat and assisted them to descend. Mrs. McKinley was aided by Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey, and was speedily placed in the hearse. The hearse was a simple affair, drawn by four horses, and the body of the President lay in the center, covered by a black cloth. The hearse was followed by a detachment of Signal Corps men bringing up the rear. The carriages containing the distinguished officials were next in line, that of President Roosevelt being commensurate with the signal corps. Seated along at different parts of the procession were groups of army and navy officers, who had informally received the body at the railroad station. It was about 9:30 o'clock when the head of the procession reached the White House grounds and turned into the driveway.

**MRS. McKINLEY ENTERS.**  
The carriage containing Mrs. McKinley, Dr. Rixey and Mr. Abner McKinley had preceded the funeral cortege to the White House by some little time. Dr. Rixey was the first to alight, and then Mr. Abner McKinley. They tenderly assisted Mrs. McKinley to the stairs. With her right arm resting heavily and wearily upon the shoulder of her dead husband's brother, and supported on the other side by Dr. Rixey, she walked slowly along the stone flagging into the house. She was closely veiled, but her feeble steps told the story of her great suffering. She was assisted at once to the elevator and to her old room, and soon retired. Dr. Rixey and Mr. Cortelyou later well, indeed, and they confidently expected she would complete the sad journey to her old home without difficulty.

Among those who know her best and who were with her at Buffalo it is doubted whether she yet fully realizes the calamity that has befallen her, and it is with some apprehension that they look forward to the first days alone in Canton. "The Major," as she always lovingly called her husband, is still with her, but when she finds herself really alone the awakening may try her strength even beyond the point yet reached. The result cannot be foretold.

When the sad cortege arrived at the White House the hearse stopped under the porte cochere. The bodybearers took the coffin upon their shoulders and passed it up the three or four steps, waited until President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet had alighted from their carriages and then followed them through the wide-open doors into the East room. Just in the center of the room, under the great crystal chandelier, the deposited their precious burden upon a black draped bier and stood at salute while the new chief executive and the Cabinet members, with bowed heads, passed by. Following them came the chief officers of the army and navy now in the city, the guard of honor, consisting of officers of the Loyan Legion, members of the Union Veterans' Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic. President Roosevelt, accompanied by the members of the Cabinet, left the house almost immediately and were driven to their homes.

The casket had been placed lengthwise of the East room, the head to the north. Piled about it were a half-hundred floral emblems of exceptional beauty and as many, and knotted with crosses floated from

## THE I. O. O. F. CALENDAR

Tuesday, Sept. 17.

9 a. m.—Session Sovereign Grand Lodge, State Capitol.

1:30 p. m.—Parade, Line of march—South from Sixteenth on west side of Meridian to Market, west to Capitol, south to Washington, east to East street, countermarch west on Washington to Meridian, north to Vermont, east in review to disbanded.

7:30 p. m.—Tomlinson Hall, reception by Rebekahs and other ladies. Public invited.

7:30 p. m.—Annual meeting of the Fraternal Press Association at residence of F. Foster Reynolds, 521 North Alabama street.

8 p. m.—Band parade. Form at Monument place, east on Market to Alabama, south to Washington, west to Capitol avenue, north to Market, east to Monument place. George Shirts, chief marshal.

Day and Evening—Courtroom, reception and entertainment by lodges of Marion county. Public invited.

Evening—Reception by ladies of Detroit at Detroit headquarters.

All Day and Evening—State fair.

Theaters—Evening, English's, Park, Grand, Empire.

—Degree Work—

Initiatory—9 p. m., Terre Haute (No. 519) Lodge, at Masonic Hall.

First—9 p. m., Richmond (No. 41) Lodge, at Germania Hall.

Second—9 p. m., Chicago (Congress, No. 324) Lodge, at Turner Hall.

Third—9 p. m., Mt. Pleasant (Mich.) Lodge, at the Propylaeum.

Patrician—9 p. m., Syracuse (N. Y.) Encampment, at K. of P. Hall.

—Headquarters—

Of grand sire, grand master, grand patriarch and Sovereign Grand Lodge—English Hotel.

Of Rebekahs, president of assembly, members of reception committee—New York street.

Of Patriarchs Militant and J. E. Bodine, department commander—Camp Cable, fair grounds.

Of the executive and all subcommittees: W. H. Leedy, chairman; Will H. Talbot, in charge of degree work; A. O. Marsh, grand marshal, and all chief and other marshals—Grand Lodge Hall.

Rest room for Rebekahs—New York street. Every convenience for comfort. All ladies cordially welcome. Rebekahs and other ladies in charge. Information bureau also.

—Information Bureau.

No. 1—At I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge Hall.

No. 2—At Hotel English, Monument place.

No. 3—At Washington street and Kentucky avenue.

No. 4—Opposite Union Station (Northern Pacific Railroad office).

No. 5—Camp Cable, state fair grounds.

No. 6—At the State Capitol.

No. 7—At courthouse, East Washington street.

No. 8—At New York street rest room, third floor.

—Invitation—The Builders' Exchange cordially invites all Builders to make their headquarters on the fifth floor of the Majestic building, their headquarters during Odd Fellow week.

hundreds of windows. Over all gleamed costly scores of electric lights, defining sharply each detail of the solemn scene. Backed on both sides of the avenue, from Sixth street to the executive mansion, were tens of thousands of people. They were come to pay their tribute of respect and love to the memory of their President. With bare heads and with no murmur of sound the people watched with tear-stained eyes the last homecoming of President McKinley. There was no music. Amid the hush of the great crowd only the clatter of the horses' hoofs, ringing sharply upon the pavement, was heard. A platoon of mounted police, in command of Sergeant Matthews, led the way. Next came a delegation of G. A. R. men from the Department of the Potomac, members of the Union Veterans' Legion and the Spanish war veterans, and Troop I and I of the Eleventh Cavalry, from Fort Meyer, Va. Following the cavalrymen was the hearse, flanked on either side by the bodybearers, with a detachment of Signal Corps men bringing up the rear. The carriages containing the distinguished officials were next in line, that of President Roosevelt being commensurate with the signal corps. Seated along at different parts of the procession were groups of army and navy officers, who had informally received the body at the railroad station. It was about 9:30 o'clock when the head of the procession reached the White House grounds and turned into the driveway.

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til to-morrow. To a soldier and a sailor stood guard, one at each corner of the casket, while seated on either side were two members of the Grand Army and two members of the Loyal Legion. These will be relieved at intervals of two hours during the night.

Before midnight the household had retired to rest and the only lights to be seen were those in the room where his comrades kept watch over their dead chief.

## THROUGH A LIVING LANE.

## People on Both Sides of the Railway as the Train Passed By.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—Through a living lane of barched people, stretching from Buffalo up over the Alleghenies down into the broad valley of the Susquehanna and on to the marble city on the banks of the shining Potomac the Nation's martyred President to-day made his last journey to the seat of the government over which he presided for four and one-half years. The whole country seemed to have drained its population at the sides of the track over which the funeral train passed. The thin lines through the mountains and the sparsely-settled districts thickened at the little hamlets, covered acres in towns suddenly grown to the proportions of respectable cities and were congested into vast multitudes in the larger cities. Work was suspended in field and mine and city. The schools were dismissed, and everywhere appeared the trappings and tokens of woe. A million flags at half-mast dotted hillside and valley and formed a thicket of color over the cities. And from almost every banner streamed a bit of ecrepe. The stations were heavy with the black symbols of mourning.

At all the larger towns and cities after the train got into Pennsylvania militiamen drawn up at present arms, kept back the enormous crowds. The silence with which the countless thousands viewed the remains of their hero and martyr was oppressive and profound. Only the rumbling of the train's wheels, the sobs of men and women with tear-stained faces and the doleful tolling of the church bells broke on the air. At several places, Williamsport, Harrisburg and Baltimore the chimes played Cardinal Newman's grand hymn. Taken altogether the journey home was the most remarkable demonstration of universal personal sorrow since Lincoln was borne to his grave. Every one of those who came to pay their last tribute to the dead had an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the flag-covered bier, elevated to view in the observation car at the rear of the train.

There was no other bit of color to catch the eye on this train of death. The locomotive was shrouded in black, the curtains of the cars in which sat the lonely stricken widow, the relatives of the President, Cabinet and others were drawn. The whole black train was like a shrouded house save only that hinged door, where the body lay guarded by a soldier of the army and a sailor of the navy.

Mrs. McKinley stood the trip bravely. In the morning, soon after leaving Buffalo, she pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that she was moved to the observation car, where she spent half an hour beside the coffin. All the way the train was preceded about fifteen minutes by a pilot engine, sent ahead to test the bridges and switches and prevent the possibility of accident. To the precious burden it carried. The train had the right of way over everything. Not a wheel moved on the Pennsylvania Railroad system thirty minutes before the pilot engine was due, nor for the same length of time after the train had passed. General Superintendent J. B. Hutchinson had sent out explicit instructions covering every detail. The order concluded: "Every precaution must be taken by all employees to make this move absolutely certain."

General Boyd, assistant passenger agent, had personal charge of the train. The train left Buffalo at 8:30 this morning, and arrived at Washington at 8:30 to-night. In twelve hours, it is estimated, over half a million people saw the coffin which held all that was mortal of President McKinley.

## DEPARTURE FROM BUFFALO.

## Body Taken from the City Hall to the Railway Station.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 16.—The silent form of William McKinley was borne from this city in impressive state this morning and taken on its last journey to the national capital.

Just eleven days ago he came to the Pan-American Exposition in full health and vigor. He was received with an enthusiasm that was unprecedented in the annals of the city, and for twenty-four hours enjoyed himself thoroughly.

The story of the foulest of assassinations, the pathetic stride to recovery, as outwardly demonstrated, while death was slowly working on the vitals, the breathless hopes of a Nation and loved ones, the terrible twenty-four hours of suspense when death made its final demand against the human skill, all are matters of history now.

The body of the honored chief executive of the Nation, who came to Buffalo only a few days ago as the guest of the city, was borne away in silent splendor. His career ended as far as his dominant personality is concerned, although his policies will remain.

Thousands upon thousands watched the massive procession this morning moving towards the depot. It was doubly impressive because of its lack of gorgeousness, and because of the fact that, following closely behind the pall-covered corpse of the dead President followed the successor to the title, and the living change in the country's history.

Buffalo stirred early this morning, but early as its inhabitants, curious or sympathetic, awoke to get a vantage place from which to view the departure of the dead President, police and soldiers had anticipated them. At the Milburn mansion, where the family of the dead statesman slept, at the Wilcox house, where the new President rested, and down town near the City Hall, where the silent form of the dead President lay, the guard formed early and the streets kept clear of people. It was not a particularly pleasant morning. The sun shone, but the wind blew in strong gusts across the city, and the falling down the drapings, and raising clouds of dust.

At the Milburn mansion, where Mrs. McKinley was, the servants were astir early, and there was more activity about the house than has been since the shooting. By 6:30 o'clock there were transfer wagons and carriages drawn up at the corners of the house, and those within were up and preparing for the journey to Washington. Mrs. McKinley was not awakened until after 7 o'clock, when Dr. Rixey went to the room with one of the attendants. She had not slept well despite the fact that she is almost thoroughly exhausted, and Dr. Rixey had given her a sleeping potion. The first thing she asked was a repetition of "I see the Major?" Dr. Rixey told her that they were going to let her see him today, and she then let her attendants dress her, and at 7:45 was ready for her light breakfast, which she took in her room alone. At 7:50 the baggage was ready, and two truck loads of it moved to the depot. In one wagon was a hospital bed, and it was thought that this was for use if Mrs. McKinley, in view of the certainty of the fatigue of the journey, and the possibility of a collapse.

Colonel Bingham, who was in charge of the ambulance, was also present. He was placed in the inside corridor and

## JUSTICE IS NOT TARDY

## Promises to Be Quick and Sure in the Case of President McKinley's Assassin.

## Leon Czolgoz Indicted by the Grand Jury at Buffalo on the Charge of Murder in the First Degree and Promptly Taken Into the County Court.

## REFUSED TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS

## Two Former Justices of the Supreme Court Appointed to Act as His Counsel.

## Hurried Back to Jail through a Tunnel to Escape a Surging Crowd—Trial to Begin Next Monday—Threats Against President Roosevelt.

BUFFALO, Sept. 16.—Leon F. Czolgoz, alias Fred Nieman, was indicted to-day by the County Court grand jury for the crime of murder in the first degree in fatally shooting President William McKinley at the Temple of Music in the Pan-American Exposition grounds at 4:15 o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 6.

When arraigned before Judge Edward K. Emory in the County Court, the prisoner stubbornly refused to answer questions repeatedly asked of him by District Attorney Penny, as to whether he had counsel or wanted counsel. The district attorney then suggested that, inasmuch as the defendant refused to answer, counsel should be assigned. Judge Emory assigned Hon. Loran L. Lewis and Hon. Robert C. Titus, former Supreme Court justices, of this city, whose names had been suggested by the Erie County Bar Association.

Czolgoz probably will be arraigned again to-morrow morning to plead to the indictment.

District Attorney Penny presented the evidence in the murder case to the grand jury. Aside from the surgeons and physicians in the case, no witnesses were sworn other than those who were in the Temple of Music and witnessed the shooting. The complete list of witnesses, in the order in which they appeared to testify, is as follows: Dr. Herman Myrner, Dr. H. R. Gaylord, Dr. H. C. Matzinger, Dr. M. D. Mann, Secret Service Detective Gallagher, Attorney James L. Quackenbush, Attorney Louis L. Babcock, Harry Hineshaw, Captain Damer and Patrolman Merkel, of the exposition guards; Corporal Louis Bertschey and Privates Neff, O'Brien, Kennenbaugh and Brooks, of the Seventy-third United States Coast Artillery; E. C. Knap, Mrs. Vandenberg Davis, John Branch, a colored porter; Captain Valley, chief of the exposition detectives; Superintendent Bull and Assistant Superintendent P. V. Cusack, of the local police department; Ted Leichter, Charles J. Close, exposition guards, and Detectives Geary and Solomon, of this city.

## SECRECY MAINTAINED.

At 4:15 o'clock this afternoon, just exactly ten days after the shooting, the grand jury voted unanimously to indict Czolgoz for murder in the first degree. At 4:41 the secret indictment was presented to Judge Emory in the County Court. Then ensued a wait of an hour, but the rumor that the murderer was to be arraigned spread and in a short time the courtroom was crowded. Great secrecy was maintained as to the place of confinement of the prisoner, but it is believed that he was locked up in the temporary jail at the Erie county penitentiary where prisoners have been kept while the jail has been undergoing repairs. After the indictment was reported the prisoner was driven from the penitentiary, a mile from the city hall, to the jail across the street from the hall. Czolgoz was then taken under strong guard from the jail through the tunnel under Delaware avenue to the basement of the city hall and up the stairs to the courtroom on the second floor.

The prisoner was shackled to a detective and another detective held his other arm. Assistant Superintendent Cusack marching in front and a number of patrolmen behind. When the prisoner was taken before the bench the crowd in the courtroom surged about him on all sides. They were compelled to resume their seats.

Czolgoz is of medium height, of fairly good build and has light curly hair, but a ten days' growth of beard on his face gave him an unkempt appearance. Apparently he feigned insanity, not stupidity, and his glance roamed about, but his eyes were always downcast. Not once did he look the county prosecutor or the judge in the face.

## DECLINED TO ANSWER.

"Czolgoz, have you got a lawyer? Do you wish a lawyer? You have been indicted

for murder in the first degree. Do you want a lawyer to defend you? Czolgoz, look at me and answer."

District Attorney Penny fired these questions at the prisoner, his voice rising with each succeeding question, but Czolgoz stubbornly refused to answer. The district attorney respectfully suggested that counsel be assigned to defend the prisoner and ascertain what he had better do as to his plea to the indictment before arraignment. Judge Emory then asked the prisoner before the bar if he had counsel, but there was no answer, despite the fact that the peace officers told him the judge was speaking and that he must answer. The court then said: "Czolgoz, you having appeared for arraignment in the court, and counsel, the law makes it the duty of the court to assign counsel. The bar association & our county has considered the matter and suggested the names of certain gentlemen of high character for such assignment. The court has seriously considered the question, and after much consideration has concluded to follow the suggestion made by the association. The court therefore assigns the Hon. Loran L. Lewis and the Hon. Robert C. Titus as your counsel."

Judge Emory directed the officers to notify the attorneys and remove the prisoner. Czolgoz was handcuffed to the detectives, who started out of the courtroom with him. The crowds surged after them, but found the exit barred by policemen. Outside the courtroom door the prisoner was surrounded by policemen and hurried down stairs into the basement, whence he was taken through the tunnel to the jail across Delaware avenue. Whether he was left there for the night or taken elsewhere the police refused to say.

District Attorney Penny said that Justices Lewis and Titus would be notified and given an opportunity to talk with the prisoner, and that he hoped to arraign Czolgoz to-morrow. His trial will begin in the Supreme Court next Monday.

## ANALYSIS IN PROGRESS.

## Doctors Want to Know Whether Czolgoz Poisoned His Bullets.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Dr. Hermann Matzinger is making the bacteriological analysis to determine whether the bullet fired from Czolgoz's revolver that ended the life of President McKinley did not bear some poisonous substance. He is being assisted by Dr. Henry R. Gaylor, of the State Pathological Laboratory, and Herbert M. Hill, the city chemist, who will make an examination of the bullets. Dr. Matzinger, when asked as to whether, in his opinion, the gangrenous affection was caused in the natural progress of disease from the gunshot wound, or whether it might be the result of a poisoned bullet, said: "Really, I cannot say anything as to that at present. We are now making an analysis of the affected tissue, but it will take some time to determine the results of our work. We shall not be able to talk until next week at any rate. You see, it takes some time to develop the culture media."

Dr. Park believes the gangrenous substance was found in the natural progress of the disease that resulted from the wound. Dr. Mann and Dr. Myrner refused to say anything further on the subject until after the result of the analysis is made known.

## ANARCHISTS TO BE RELEASED.

## Chicago "Suspects" Cannot Be Convinced of a Conspiracy.

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—Efforts to connect the Chicago Anarchists with a plot to assassinate President McKinley will be abandoned, and the prisoners probably will be released to-morrow. This decision was reached by the local authorities to-day.

Chief O'Neill received a telegram from Chief of Police Bull of Buffalo, early in the day announcing that, while the police there were still working to establish the connection of the assassin with Anarchists in Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland, they had secured no tangible evidence.

Chief O'Neill is concerned for the safety of the Anarchists, who probably will be released to-morrow on habeas corpus proceedings. He regards it as likely they will want for the present, to be allowed to